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(17 Jan 1-1881)

Edward Laurent,

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ARTIFICIAL TEETH

Inserted in Fifteen minutes after nat-
ural ones are extracted, by

R. R. BOURNE,

DENTIST,

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Dec. 11

Campbell & Medley

DENTISTS.

Over Jones & Co's. Store.

Main St. Hopkinsville Ky.

Jan 8-1887

Men Think

they know all about Mustang Lin-

iment. Few do. Not to know is

not to have.

Many a Lady

is beautiful, all but her skin;

and nobody has ever told

her how easy it is to put

beauty on the skin. Beauty

on the skin is Magnolia

Balm.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Roumelian Troubles.

Berlin, Oct. 17.—The North German Gazette to-day commenting on the situation in the Balkans, says: The hope that diplomacy will succeed in peacefully settling the Roumelian difficulties has increased, in view of the fact that the Bulgarian authorities have arrested the leaders of several bands of Servian emigrants who had been endeavoring to stir up a revolt against King Milan, thus depriving Servia of her pretext for rearmament. The North German Gazette says it is glad to see signs of unanimity among the powers for the settlement of the trouble in the Balkans.

VIENNA, Oct. 17.—A rumor is current here that King Milan, of Servia, has issued a war manifesto. The report is not confirmed.

SOFIA, Oct. 17.—In regard to the collective note of the Ambassadors urging Bulgaria to refrain from hostilities, the Government, after mature reflection, has decided to reply that it will accept the advice of the Powers, in view of Serbia's attitude. In accordance with this decision, the Government will recall a majority of the Bulgarian troops, leaving a small garrison on the frontier pending the decision of the Powers in regard to the fate of Roumelia.

SOFIA, Oct. 18.—The collective note presented to the Government by the Ambassadors, stated that the Powers had resolved to assist Turkey in quelling the rebellion and in upholding existing treaties. It also warned the Bulgarians and Roumelians not to commit excesses for which they themselves must suffer without hope of outside assistance. The Government is dealing summarily with the frontier agitators. Several of the leaders have been imprisoned.

LONDON, Oct. 18.—Servia has protested against the decision of the Ambassadors on the Roumelian question, and has begun military operations against Bulgaria. A large force of Servian troops crossed the Bulgarian frontier from Nissa at 5 p. m., yesterday. A large force of Turkish troops has been ordered to advance in the direction of Nissa. A battle between the Servians and Turks is imminent.

CHOLERA IN EUROPE.
MADRID, Oct. 17.—There were 138 new cases of cholera and 76 deaths from the disease reported yesterday throughout Spain. A cholera panic prevails at Seville, and the people are fleeing from the city.

ROME, Oct. 17.—During yesterday 54 new cases of cholera and 30 deaths from the disease were reported in Palermo.

THE SMALL-POX IN CANADA.
MONTREAL, Oct. 17.—Official returns at the health office to-day show 33 deaths from small-pox in the city yesterday. Six in St. Ceneuge, 3 in Cote St. Louis, 2 in St. Jean Baptiste, 2 in St. Gabriel, 2 in St. Henri and 1 in Port St. Charles.

"It Will Cure Asthma."

"I had suffered with asthma for over forty years, and had a terrible attack in December and January, 1882. One day I took four doses of Parker's Tonic. The effect astonished me. I slept perfectly that night, and am now wholly well. Parker's Tonic will cure chronic asthma." E. C. Williams, Chapman, Pa.

MANNINGTON, KY.

Oct. 17, 1885.

ED. SOUTH KENTUCKIAN:

News up here in these frog ponds and grassy holes, is as scarce as hen's teeth, but your correspondent has endeavored to scratch up the most interesting occurrences that have taken place since his last communication.

Mr. G. W. Oats has sold his farm, which lies one mile west of this place, to Mr. Z. T. Drake, consideration \$1,200; he is selling out for the purpose of moving to some other State in the great West. We wish him great success.

Parsons should be very careful when they are firing their tobacco, to leave but very little fire in their cigars, when they are absent from them.

Only a few nights ago, Mr. Thomas Jefferson Legate's barn and about 2,000 pounds of tobacco was destroyed by fire. Mr. Legate is a hard working, industrious and deserving young farmer. We sympathize very much with him in his loss.

Mr. John Clark, who lives about four miles east of this place, was robbed of \$50.00, and a shot-gun. The robber entered his house while all the family was absent from the house one day last week.

Mr. Jesse Oldham now wears a smile from tip to tip. It's a ten pound boy.

Miss Sally Bishop, a charming young lady of Morton's Gap, and Miss Belle Parker, a handsome young lady of Willie Plains, are visiting their many friends around this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Williams, of Hopkins county, are visiting their friends in North Christian.

We understand there is soon to be a saw and grist mill erected at or near the McFarland bridge, 3 miles south of this place. It will add greatly to the convenience of the farmers.

Mr. Byron D. Williams, a young business man of this place, was married Oct. 4, to Miss Charlie Woodruff, of St. Charles. We wish that their path through life may be strewn with peace and happiness.

The Clifton Coal Co. have got their new shaft sunk about 100 feet, yet they haven't struck coal.

As this is our second attempt to scratch up a few items for your paper we will leave the floor for the next speaker, by wishing the South Kentuckian a long and prosperous life.

F. Mc.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Lord Mayor of London is a Methodist minister.

—Lava-tombs now contests with cricket the honor of being the national game of England.

—There were over 8,000,000 inhabitants in Ireland in 1815; there are less than 5,000,000 now.

—With 4,775 miles of navigable rivers and 2,900 miles of canals, the French railways encounter some competition.

—It is estimated that 750,000 people go into London by rail every day to earn their living and leave it again every night.

—The Austrian authorities have established offices where all patent medicines intended to be offered for sale in the country must be tested.

—Dr. Prothero Smith, who founded the first hospital for women in England, has resigned his position as senior physician after forty-three years' service.

—Moritz Jokul, the Hungarian novelist, has conceived an original plan of dealing with autograph hunters. He announces that he is willing to send a page of his manuscript, with his signature, to any person who will send two florins to a certain charitable society of which he is a member.

—Anathema caused the death of eighteen persons in England last September. Nine were from the use of chloroform, six from ether, and three from a mixture of ether and chloroform. In every fatal case the patient had been comparatively very healthy, and the operation was of a slight character.

—Berlin has an asylum for over-looked and disabled horses under the management of a veterinary surgeon, a cavalry officer and a farmer.

The grounds have an extent of nearly one hundred acres, with excellent pasture land, clay and moor patches, water and bathing facilities, etc. In case of need the patients have ambulance wagons sent for them to transport them to the hospital.

—An air-balloon railway is about to be constructed on the Galsburg, near Salzburg, a mountain of no great height but offering a magnificent view over the beautiful environs of the town. The balloon, which will have grooved wheels on one side of its ear, will ascend a perpendicular shaft, and be constructed on the principle of the wire-rope railway, invented years ago for the Rhine, but never realized.

—Dr. Oppler, of Strassburg, has discovered in burnt coffee a new antiseptic dressing for wounds. This action appears to be twofold; first that produced by burnt coffee as a form of charcoal, and secondly, that which is due to the pungent aromatic odors which are fatal to the lower organisms. As coffee is always on hand in military expeditions, it will be especially serviceable as a dressing during war times. A German writer also states that cold black coffee is the most efficacious and least injurious of all drinks in hot weather.

SALISBURY'S FRIEND.

The American Gentleman Who Met Him in Cologne.

"I am very glad to find that my old friend Salisbury is doing so well," said a Brooklyn gentleman one morning recently as he looked up from his paper, to a friend who sat with him on the piazza of his summer residence on Staten Island.

"What Salisbury do you refer to?" asked the friend. "Surely you don't mean the Marquis of Salisbury, the Prime Minister of England?"

"That is exactly who I mean," said the former. "Why, have I never told you about my meeting with Lord Salisbury at Cologne?"

"No," said the latter, "I have no memory of it. It is an important affair, but it made a deep impression upon myself and upon my family and I believe at the time. And I believe that her ladyship—she was accompanied by a daughter—was also impressed. I have frequently related the details of our meeting, and I have no doubt that Lord Salisbury has done the same thing. I shouldn't wonder if he had related the matter at the dinner table of Queen Victoria herself—that is, provided his ladyship's noble legs have had the opportunity of disposing themselves beneath the royal mahogany."

"Some ten or fifteen years ago," continued the gentleman, "business took me to Europe for a few months. I took my wife, my daughter and one of my sons with me. One pleasant afternoon—I think it was in August—we arrived at Cologne, and stopped at a hotel which was not far from the magnificent cathedral for which that city is famous. We left our apartments early in the evening, intending to take a stroll, but as we were descending the stairs my wife slipped the open door of an ordinarily furnished parlor. She looked in and said: 'That's the public parlor. Let us go in.' We entered the room and found that the windows commanded a superb view of the cathedral. I noticed on the floor a carpet-bag and one or two umbrellas, but I supposed that these had been left there by some guests, and the idea that the room could possibly be anything but a public parlor did not enter my head."

"We gazed at and admired the view, and I noticed a man of architecture for some moments. Then we heard steps, and looking around, saw a gentleman, apparently of middle age, and accompanied by a young lady. They were evidently English. I surmised that the gentleman was looking at me sternly, and I looked through my mind that he might imagine that we were monopolizing the view of the cathedral."

"The gentleman moved aside, leaving the seat at liberty to be so-called the window which they preferred. Still the gentleman looked sternly at me, while his companion looked indignantly at my wife and daughter. We must be more outspoken in our politeness, thought I. Approaching the gentleman, I bowed and invited him to step to the window and look at the cathedral. 'It would be impossible,' said I, 'to find anywhere in Cologne a better view of the cathedral than is to be had from the windows of this parlor.' Even this failed to induce the strange gentleman to part with any portion of his stern gaze. In the meantime, my wife and daughter and son had turned their attention to the haughty young lady. My wife approached her in a motherly way and extended to her an invitation to view the cathedral, but received no response. Still the strange gentleman had evidently grown weary of merely regarding me sternly, and he responded to my pressing invitation. He responded by announcing that the room was a private parlor which he himself had engaged, and my family to really irritate myself, my family to leave the apartment, as soon as we could conveniently do so. Then he flashed across my mind that in European hotels like the one in which we

then were there were no public parlors and I cursed my own stupidity in not having remembered the fact before.

"I apologized for my mistake, and said that, finding the door open, I had taken the apartment for a public parlor. My wife apologized, my daughter apologized, and the apologetic fever even seized upon my son. But we did not apologize as fully as we had intended to because neither the strange gentleman nor his companion made the slightest response to our explanations. They continued to gaze at us—he sternly and she haughtily. Apologizing under such discouraging circumstances is not pleasant. We could do nothing consequently, but beat a retreat, which we did with our countenances suffused with mortification. The possessor of the supposed public parlor watched us, still with a stern expression, until we were out of the room. Then the door was closed. We had forgotten for the time being all about the beauty and magnificence of the great Cologne cathedral."

"I hunted up the landlady and asked him to tell me the name of the gentleman into whose private parlor we had stumbled. 'Why,' replied he, in an awestruck whisper, that gentleman is my lord the Marquis of Salisbury, a great Englishman—a statesman. I had heard of the Marquis, who was then beginning to cut a considerable figure in English politics. The fact that his lordship was a man of some distinction did not in the least tend to lessen the mortification and anger which I felt. I spent the remainder of the evening with my family in our apartments. In fact, we looked ourselves in with the determination that on that evening, at least, we should not render it necessary for the American eagle to again long his proud head in shame owing to our ignorance of European customs. After thinking over the matter carefully I could not but admit that I was most angry with my Lord Salisbury, for refusing to accept my apologies, as it seemed to me that any gentleman would have done under the circumstances, or with me self for having failed to remember that in the hotel there was no such thing as a public parlor."

"Ever since our little conference at Cologne I have spoken of the present Prime Minister of England, somewhat ironically, perhaps, as 'my old friend, Salisbury.'"

—N. Y. Times.

WILD BEASTS IN INDIA.

Startling Figures Showing the Losses of Human Life in 1883.

It is startling to read in official returns that more than twenty-two thousand persons are annually destroyed in British India by wild beasts. The tiger alone, in 1883, killed nine hundred and sixty-two persons, besides forty thousand cattle.

Vicious serpents destroy immense numbers of wayfarers. Owing to the heat of the climate, poor persons travel mostly by night, and walk barefooted or wear only a sandal that does not protect the ankles. The deadly cobra is active in the day time, but he may be trodden upon in the darkness by unwearying feet. He attacks the traveler, who is found in the morning dead upon the road.

Often the shortest path between two villages lies through a jungle, where the day-time tiger will kill two or three cattle which he wants only a small part of. A family of tigers will kill in a week more animals than a family of farmers can eat in a year.

The panther and the leopard are also terrible cattle-killers, and the leopard has a particular habit of carrying off the children of the natives, and then he is noted for his audacity in seizing children. In India animals have a character of ferocity which makes human life in some districts well-nigh insupportable. —Youth's Companion.

PARIS.

Nothing is the way of exceptional interest in the city of France.

In health, Paris is on a level with a hundred other places. It has nothing of its own to offer. Its climate presents a fair average of the qualities and faults of the central Continental weather; the air is drier and more vivifying than that of England; extremes of heat and cold are sometimes felt, but they are unfrequent; strong winds are rare, and though fogs have become somewhat frequent of late years, the air is on the whole fairly bright and pleasant.

But the same atmosphere may be found almost everywhere along the same parallel of latitude. The sanitary conditions are good; the sewerage is excellent; the water is abundant and pure, and the precautions against infection in all its forms are minute and well applied. The material conditions of life are, however, growing so much like in all large towns that we are living everywhere under more and more similar influences, and it may be said without much inexactness, that so far as Europe is concerned, what used to be called especially a healthy or unhealthy place, is becoming difficult to find. Epidemics come and go in Paris as they do in other centers of population, but they are seldom traceable to local causes, and usually assume a general character. But all these qualities are merely negative; they imply the absence of objections, not the presence of recommendations; Paris possesses no positive advantages in climate or health, and English people will not be tempted to live in it for reasons of that sort. —Fortnightly Review.

—An experienced Westerner says it is the worst thing in the world to tell a tornado about a cyclone. The great trouble is that before you can explain to your friends what the disturbance is that is coming your way and once it is likely to be scattered over four continents and you yourself are generally sitting down in the eastern part of the next State. —Savannah Journal.

—Fried meat cakes: Chop lean raw meat as you would for sausage; any meat may be used, but beef is best. Season with salt, pepper and onion; really better to use the cakes in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in dripping. Drizzle on a strainer; have ready a dish of nicely mashed potatoes, on which put your meat cakes and serve. —The Housewife.

A FEARFUL SUMMONS.

How Mr. Smith Was Disturbed by the Address of a Life Insurance Agent.

"Mr. Smith, I called to see if I could take your life. You see, I'm—"

"Wh-wh-what d'you say?" exclaimed Smith, in some alarm.

"I say that I've come around to take your life. My name is Gunn. As soon as I heard you were unprotected, that you had nothing on your life, I thought I would just run in and settle the matter for you at once."

Then Smith got up and went to the other side of the table, and said to himself: "It's a lunatic who has broken out of the asylum. He'll kill me if I halloo or run. I must humor him."

Then Gunn, fumbling in his pockets after his mortality tables, followed Smith around the room and said to him: "You can choose your own plan, you know. It's immaterial to me. Some like one way and some like another. It's a matter of taste. Which one do you prefer?"

"I'd rather not die at all," said Smith, in despair.

"But you've got to die, of course," said Gunn; "that's a thing there's no choice about. All I can do is to make death easy for you—to make you feel happy as you go. Now, which plan will you take?"

"Couldn't you postpone it until tomorrow, so as to give me time to think?"

"No; I prefer to take you on the spot. I might as well do it now as at any other time. You have a wife and children?"

"Yes, and I think you ought to have some consideration for them and let me off."

"Well, that's a curious kind of an argument," said Gunn. "When I take your family will be perfectly protected, of course, and not otherwise."

"But why do you want to murder me?"

"Murder you!—murder you! Who is talking about murdering you?"

"Why, didn't you say—"

"I called to get you to take out a life insurance policy in our company, and I—"

"Oh, you did, did you?" said Smith, suddenly becoming fierce. "Well, I ain't a going to do it, nor I want you to skip out of this, or I'll brain you with a poker—come now, skip!"

Then Mr. Gunn withdrew without selling a policy, and Smith is still uninsured. —Cor. Chicago Ledger.

MR. LINCOLN.

An Incident Illustrative of His Kindness of Heart.

"Speaking of Mr. Lincoln's kindness of heart," said an old Massachusetts man recently to a representative of the Chicago Inter Ocean, "I will never forget the only time that I exchanged words with him. This was in the summer of 1864, and our regiment was stationed temporarily near Washington. One day I strolled into the ground between the White House and the river, and threw myself flat on my back under the trees. I was in a disconsolate frame of mind, as the weight of the war at that time was very heavy upon me. I lay there for some time, absorbed in my own thoughts and looking up at the fragments of blue sky seen through the leaves of the trees. I heard some persons approach, heard them sit down on one of the benches near, and I turned my head carefully to see who the intruders were. I saw at a glance that my visitors were President Lincoln and his wife. I sprang to my feet, gave a military salute and started away. The President returned the salute with an awkward sweep of his long, ungainly arm, and said: 'Don't go. What is your regiment?' When I told him that I belonged to the Fifteenth Massachusetts, and had answered some other questions as to what service I had seen, he asked: 'Are you going to re-enlist?' I said, 'No, not immediately; I want to go home in time to vote for your re-election.' He smiled, turned to Mrs. Lincoln and said in old-fashioned kindness: 'There, mother, you see, that's the way all my boys feel. Then he turned to me and said with tender seriousness: 'I am very glad to know that the soldiers who have done such hard work in the field feel that way. We all are bearing our burdens in this war, and I only hope that I may bear mine as patiently and hopefully as the boys who carry the rifles.' Then he shook my hand and said 'Good-by,' and after I had stopped away some eight or ten feet raised again his long arm and gave another military salute, with a smile on his face that still stays with me through all my life. It was a little thing, but do you know, that a thousand times, asleep and awake, that smile has come to me, and whenever it does come I feel myself a better and a stronger man."

THE LONDON TOWER.

A Structure to Be No Longer Devoted to the Storage of Arms.

In the future, it would seem, the Tower is to be, even more than in the past, one of "the sights of London."

It is to be entirely divested of its military character. The rifles in the Armory are to remain, but the whole of the large store of arms is to be removed to the central depot at Weedon. This, we are told, is in fulfillment of a desire that the Prince Consort had very much at heart—a desire that the Tower should be preserved wholly and simply as a building remarkable for its architecture and for its historical associations. In accordance with this view, the barracks and hospital stores were removed in 1869, and the accoutrements a few years after. The workmen, of course, went also, and now the building will be deserted, so far as permanent tenants are concerned, by all save the small garrison which has always been maintained there. The arrangement will probably meet with general approval. It is, perhaps, as well to separate in this case the practical and the sentimental elements. The maintenance and the useful functions of the Tower means, of necessity, wear and tear, to which it is, no doubt, desirable that the building should no longer be subjected. There are, however, many who are for keeping such famous old places as the Tower in as perfect a state of preservation as possible. We can find plenty of localities for the storage of arms, but we can not adequately repair any damage which may be done to our ancient historical landmarks. We can "restore" them in one sense, but not in another. —London Globe.

—Say that your frock was "built," not made, if you wish to be in the latest fashion. —Chicago Tribune.

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